



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

all the telegraph station-masters speak English well and write it thoroughly and correctly. The small woodcut, with the sea-houses close to the water and *jagt* lying close in, shows the character of the country round that beautiful spot in the Hardanger Fjord generally known as Rosendal, a place of great interest to the historian as the last seat of the Norwegian nobility. On the rising ground beyond the seashore lies, nestling in a wood, the last baronial residence, the home of the "last of the barons." Baron Rosenkrone is still there,

and in this secluded spot Art has been cherished and loved, for Rosendal possesses a collection of pictures which is considered the finest in Norway. Who would expect, after trudging for nine hours over the snow expanses of the Folge Fond, to descend rapidly on the Hardanger Fjord, and find there such examples of highly civilised life? Close to this point is the island of Verelso, famous for its sulphur mines; it is out of the regular beaten track, but is sometimes visited by the *Argo* when the steamer is ordered to call for a freight.

INGRES AND FRENCH ART LAW.



THE following case, recorded by *Le Figaro*, of proceedings before a French tribunal, is of interest from the point which it decides, and the great artistic name with which it is connected. Some five-and-twenty years since a Parisian gentleman, M. Moitessier, who held then, and still holds, a high position in society, called upon M. Ingres, and commissioned him to paint a portrait of his wife. The lady was beautiful, and well calculated to inspire the great artist, the result being that he produced one of his finest and most admired works. In using the expression a portrait, we convey the truth, but not the whole truth. In point of fact, two portraits of Madame Moitessier were consecutively executed by Ingres, for the nervously fastidious artist, ever discontented with his creations, had twice given this a canvas on his easel; in addition, moreover, to which he had made many sketches and studies. As an evidence of the scruples by which the judgment of Ingres was tantalised, we select from a series of his letters the following note of thoroughly French character:—

"MADAME: I trust I am not so much of a simpleton as I appear. I have just taken a frontal review of the two portraits, and, my wife being in council with me, we have decided that the last is the better of the two. Thus, then, madame, to-morrow and to-morrow, arms uncovered, and, if it be possible, the yellow robe. I have the honour to be, good and very lovely madame, with the profoundest regret so to torment you, your humble and most devoted servant, INGRES."

M. Moitessier had been less severe than had Ingres to himself: he made the two portraits his own. The scraps, sketches, and designs, which had never been worked up to a realisation, naturally remained in M. Ingres's possession, and, after his death, passed

into the hands of his wife. Last summer M. Féral, a picture auction agent, was directed to sell some works of Art appropriated under the demise of the master. Amongst these were, in fact, some of the unfinished sketches of Madame Moitessier's portrait. M. Féral was unwilling to proceed forthwith with these items of the auction, to which a certain speciality of character seemed to attach. With much delicacy he made M. Moitessier aware of the state of the case, proffering to establish him as preference-purchaser for the sum of 3,250 francs. M. Moitessier's reply was in a legal form. He not only declined to purchase the sketch of his wife's portrait, but had an order issued forbidding M. Féral to part with it on sale, affirming that it should be handed over to him, unless the Ingres family should prefer to have it destroyed in their presence. M. Debacq, who had maintained before the Civil Court the reclamation of M. Moitessier, further affirmed that an artist, however high his eminence, was not authorised, without express permission from the party in whom the right lay, to make use, as he might think fit, of the sketches of his model; and that, as a general rule in such cases, artistic right was rigorously limited by considerations of propriety and claims entitled to much respect. M. Hardouin, Féral's advocate, replied that, in consequence of M. Moitessier's formal claim, the sketch in question should not be brought to the hammer, and that so far the law-process collapsed. But he submitted that M. Moitessier had no right to exact the delivery to him, or the destruction of, a work of Art, which the painter had had for five-and-twenty years amongst his cartoons, and he accordingly prayed the court to confirm the family of M. Ingres in their possession of the sketch. The tribunal took the like view of the case. It forbade the exhibition in public, or the sale by auction, of Madame Moitessier's portrait; but, on the other hand, the heirs of M. Ingres should have full liberty to retain, as a souvenir of their illustrious departed relative, the work which they might not transfer into other hands.

THE GIPSY.



CERTAINLY not destitute of poetry and pathos is the painter's conception of this handsome woman who leans restfully against the tree which her plump fingers almost encircle, and looks out into the distance with her large, lustrous eyes. What is she thinking of—this daughter of that vagabond race whose strange history runs back to the land of the Himalayas, and whose representatives are fascinating outcasts of every nation of the world? Half-sad, half-glad, in a tender, mysterious reverie, with flowers at her feet and sunshine about her head; jewels—rubies, perhaps, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls—glistening on her finger, ears, and neck, her luxurious jet-black tresses refusing to be confined, her physical proportions much richer and riper than the growths around her—she is a creature whom Childe Harold might have written about to distraction, but who is evidently much more than a mere piece of portraiture from life. The immediate impression which she

conveys is of a type of beauty created by the painter, who has let his imagination play freely about his model, though it does not require the eye of faith to see in her a veritable gipsy. The Germans have gotten the credit of having a weak nerve of sentimentalism, but the German artist's work in this instance is simple, direct, manly, solid; it is pretty without being in the enervating atmosphere of prettiness. This gipsy woman is not posing to have her picture taken; she is not self-conscious at all. The *chiaroscuro* effects, which must enter so largely into every such representation, are delicately and deftly managed; and, in general, the delineation may be said to be unusually vigorous and pleasing. Its author, Emil Teschendorff, is a young artist in Berlin, his studio being in the Fine Arts Academy of that city. Last year he sent to the annual Art Exhibition there two oil-paintings entitled 'Troubled Days' and 'Nymph and Satyr,' and also two water-colours. He is not so well known in this country as doubtless he will be bye-and-bye.



THE GIPSY.

From a Painting by E. TESCHENDORFF.